BILL TWEED'S PUPIL

Brief History of Dick Croker, the Monarch of New York City.

He Was Born in Ignorance, Raised in Crime, a Criminal Himself, and a Millionaire in a Few Years.

Otto Kempner, in New York World.

In 1846 Richard Croker's father in county Cork, Ireland, bundled his humble effects and after a wearisome voyage landed with his wife and seven children on the hospitable shores of free America. They took up their abode near Ninety-ninth street in New York. Their first residence in the new world contained no suggestion of the grandeur and elegance which the future had in store for them. The neighborhood was teeming with a class of residents known as "squatters," who were so designated because they settled down on unoccupied land regardless of ownership and built upon it their temporary and unsightly hovels. It was a family of ignorant, lazy Irishmen. Our hero, the king of New York, was three years old at that time. He ran the streets with city toughs till twelve years old before he entered school. He had no taste for education and attended only when he liked. In three years he gave it up as a bad business. At the age of fifteen his schooling abruptly terminates and he is sent into the world with an education that could scarcely be termed rudimentary without exaggeration.

At no time since has he attempted to make up for the wasted opportunity of youth. The crudeness of his intellect has not been improved by a course of reading in later life, as in the case of so many self-made American statesmen. Mr. Croker is an illiterate man. It is doubtful if he ever composed a letter, and, although in his present position it would seem indispensable to him to conduct a voluminous correspondence, few persons can boast of ever having seen him with pen in hand actually engaged in writing. His desk at Tammany Hall shows no ink stains.

The proof of his lack of culture is furnished to those around him by his utter incapacity for verbal expression. By that is not meant his inability to make public speeches—he has never made one in his life—but refers rather to his circumscribed range of ideas. He speaks in monosyllables, commands a vocabulary that appears to be limited to about three hundred words and forms his sentences in a way that Lindley Murray would regard with horror.

RAISED IN CRIME.

In every large city, among the different types of character that cosmopolitan life develops, there is one that occupies the border line between respectability and criminality, the transition from one state to the other being natural, frequent and entirely dependent upon chance. This species is largely recruited from the improvident poor, the ignorant and the irreligious, whose occupation is loafing, whose home is the street, whose alma mater is the corner saloon. It comprises the lawless element of society, to regulate and repress which is the chief excuse for the existence of the police. Mr. Richard Croker developed into a typical representative of these bruiser and bummer brigades, and spent the formative years of his life amid their debasing associations.

Intellectually and physically he was "cut out" for the social atmosphere in which he chose to place himself. He possessed a strong frame, a deep chest, a short neck and a pair of hard fists. Passionately fond of rough and tumble brawls, he could hold his own with the toughest of his cronies. Prize-fighting soon became his pet hobby, and to the pursuit of that sport he devoted all his energies. He became a trainer and backer for professional sluggers, and gradually, by means of his own clever "dukes," he rose to the dignified distinction of a professional fighter himself.

He knocked out some of the toughest men of his day. He also enjoyed dog-fighting and generally had a bloody "scrap" himself if his dog didn't win.

Mr. Croker's fame as a fighter made him the idol of the bullies and blacklegs who infested the vicinity of the Fourth-avenue tunnel. The vicinity of the tunnel became the objective point of as tough and desperate a set of rowdies as could be found anywhere in the city. Sneak thieves, garroters, burglars and highwaymen were there in choice variety. As "birds of a feather" it did not take them long to find a common rendezvous, and, in pursuance of the gregarious instinct of man, these choice spirits decided to "flock together," their organization becoming known to fame as the "Fourth-avenue Tunnel Gang."

LEADER OF THE GANG.

Mr. Richard Croker was destined by virtue of his peculiar endowments to become the leader of the Fourth-avenue tunnel gang, as he was later fated to rise, in consequence of the same qualities, to leadership in our local government. Mr. Croker was soon acknowledged by all his congeners to be their only guide, philosopher and master.

A saloon at the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Fourth avenue was the headquarters of the tunnel gang. It is not remembered by what appellation the place was designated, but if there ever was a spot on earth that deserved to be known as "Hell's Hole," it was located right at that corner. The choicest products of the slums were drawn thither as the needle is drawn to the pole. It became the Mecca towards which the minions of vice and crime irresistibly gravitated. From there emanated all the more important attacks then made on the law, order and decency of the city. Cock fights, prize fights, larcenies, personal assaults and all sorts of depredations were conceived and executed by the frequenters of that horrible hostelry.

The Twenty-first ward was completely at the mercy of these ruffians, who introduced a veritable reign of terror. Inoffensive citizens were brutally assaulted and robbed daily. Of these dastardly attacks by the members of the tunnel gang we recall the following instance, preserved to us in the New York Times of Sept. 8, 1871:

"On last Tuesday evening, Sept. 5, about 8:45 p. m., ex-Alderman Richard Croker, of the Twenty-first ward, who is the leader of the St. Patrick's Alliance (Dick Connolly's secret organization in that ward), with the assistance of another individual, who can be identified by parties who were present, assaulted a man named James Moore with a slungshot, knocking him down and then kicking him, at the corner of Thirty-first street and Third avenue. The ex-alderman is now holding a sinecure position under Dick Connolly, and is occasionally appointed a commissioner to open street openings. He is also the individual who put in a bid for Washington market (it is supposed) as a blind for 'Slippery Dick.'"

One of the most lucrative enterprises for the gangs in those days was the wholesale repeating business. By turning to the New York Tribune of Oct. 13, 1868, we shall find a most interesting account of one of Mr. Croker's expeditions. The report reads as follows:

"DICK CROKER'S BANDITS."

"New York city was fast emptied of many of her roughs yesterday. Their ugly countenances were seen congregating around the Camden & Amboy railroad depot all bound for Philadelphia. These roughs and bullies are the repeaters who intend to swell the Democratic vote in Philadelphia to-day, providing they are not apprehended. They have been recruited in almost every ward in the city, and each delegation is headed by a prominent 'striker,' who is to receive the lion's share of the funds. * * * Among them were members of the 'Pudding Gang from the Swamp' in the Fourth ward; the 'Dead Rabbits' crowd, from the Five Points and Mulberry street, in the Sixth ward; the 'Old White Ghost Runners,' from the Tenth ward; the 'Old Rock Rangers,' in the Fourteenth ward, and a large number of 'Mackerelites,' 'Hookites,' 'Fungtown and Bungtown Rangers,' and a number of other organized bands of toughs. * * *

"Last, but not least, were 150 Metropolitan bandits, under the notorious Dick Croker, all well armed and spoiling for fight. They hail from the Twenty-first ward. Fully five thousand of the most hardened desperados of this city are now in Philadelphia."

It is further recorded that on the day after this exodus occurred "nobody was robbed or assaulted in New York, nobody had his pockets picked, the police had little or nothing to do, and the police courts were idle."

Croker became a politician in 1864 by joining the fire department in the very company of which the afterwards notorious Bill Tweed was foreman. Croker soon learned enough from Tweed to get his name placed on the city pay roll as a court deputy, and thus draw two salaries. From fireman Croker jumped to alderman, assisted by the leader of his ward, James O'Brien, who stepped from alderman to sheriff at the same time. Croker's aldermanic career was not brilliant except that he was in a ring who signed a paper to always vote as one man said; it being the man who made all deals.

A MURDER STAIN.

Croker was legislated out of office, and started the Tammany organization in his ward to fight his old friend O'Brien, who had put a deputy in as alderman. From this fight came the bloody battle on election day, when Croker and his bruisers met O'Brien and his bruisers. John McKenna, a worker for O'Brien, was shot in the scuffle, and died with the cry on his lips: "Dick Croker shot me." But murder was no great thing to the old leader of the tunnel gang. The coroner was "fixed," and discharged him. He was indicted, and for a time occupied a cell in murderers' row, but, of course, the jury disagreed, indictment was nolle prossed, and Dick Croker came forth a graduate in crime and politics.

Mr. Croker had now passed through every degree required in the preparatory course for a Tammany diploma or leadership. He had been successively a thug, prize-fighter, repeater, sinecurist, alderman and, as a crowning glory, was under bail for "killing his man." What was more natural, therefore, than that when his friend John Kelly died, in 1886, this distinguished scholar and graduate of the Tammany College should be considered first in the line of promotion, and instinctively selected, on the theory of the survival of the fittest, to step into Kelly's shoes as Chief Boss and Boodle Bearer of "de organization."

Then there came the expose of the "big four" in 1884 and Mayor Grant's numerous $5,000 gifts to Croker's daughter. There is a justifiable curiosity on the part of taxpayers to know how he made his money. They have watched him move from his modest little home on the East Side to a fine brown stone house on Mount Morris avenue, and from there they have painfully observed his migration to his magnificent new residence on East Seventy-ninth street. They are deeply concerned in knowing by what magic process he has acquired his enormous fortune.

But all these questionable enterprises, investments and varied sources of revenue, profitable though they were, could have scarcely furnished the enormous capital which Mr. Croker has openly invested within the past two years. He has paid since 1892 $750,000 for race horses and stock farms and about $200,000 for his private palace and its gorgeous decorations and furnishings. How much he has invested through dummies like Keating the public, of course, can only surmise. At any rate, every thoughtful taxpayer, puzzled by the impenetrable mystery surrounding his methods of acquisition, is asking this question and is anxiously awaiting an answer. Mr. Croker lives in the style of a millionaire and spends money as lavishly as a prince. Mr. Croker, where did you get your wealth?

The Croaker.

Things ain't what they used to be; the world ain't half as bright;
There ain't such suns by daytime—such meller moons by night;
Oats was growin' taller, corn was ten foot high,
An' money don't buy half as much as money used to buy.

Things ain't what they used to be; goods ain't half as cheap;
Harvests ain't as plentiful as them we use to reap;
Not much use in livin' now, an' kinder think I'd die
If 'twarn't that these new funerals come so amazin' high.

—Atlanta Constitution.

REALISM AND A REALIST.

Howells's New Literary Protege Discovered Only in the Nick of Time.

Holland, in Philadelphia Press.

In the interesting interview with Mr. William D. Howells, published in the Press last Sunday, there appeared a word of unusual commendation from Mr. Howells for the work of an author whom he called Stephen Crane. It is unusual because Mr. Howells, since his commendation of Mr. Howe and his story, "A Story of a Country Town," has been careful of his favoring criticism. Of course the praise of Mr. Howells for Mr. Crane caused quick interest to be awakened in the personality of that author. Howells praised him for his realism, approaching, as he told a friend, even that of Tolstoi. He had found in a little book descriptive of a certain phase of miserable life in New York city, a book certainly that no one except its publisher and perhaps a score of others had ever seen.

The realism of Mr. Crane as it is done in that book is certainly cold, awful, brutal realism, and it reveals a power which when the author has learned of experience and has disciplined his artistic sense may give us something that may be compared to Tolstoi with respect to art as well as realism. But it is possible to tell a story of realism quite as suggestive and not so shocking as that one told in Mr. Crane's book, and it is a realism in which he had an unconscious part.

Stephen Crane was not long ago in a certain office in New York, where the tools are those of literature and journalism. The cases upon the walls contain dusty and dog-eared manuscripts. The desks were littered in charming confusion with proof slips, sheets of copy daubed here and there with the carelessly thrown, unwiped pen. Cigarette stubs were on the floor and a dismal bell over an editor's desk jingled with the peremptory resonance of a call from the composing room beyond.

Stephen Crane stood in the middle of the room as odd and plaintive appearing a specimen of eager humanity as has ever been there. He seemed to have withered so that all the vitality of his body was concentrated in his head. He was a slender, sad-eyed slip of a youth, looking around the room with yearning glances of his eyes, as though he would like to find a place where he could deposit the manuscript. He looked like one who had been fed for months on crackers and milk, as very likely was the fact, since he had starved himself in order to get together money enough to publish at his own expense, every publisher having rejected it, the very book which Mr. Howells has praised.

At last turning to a man of authority who sat before a desk and who did not even look up when Crane spoke to him, the youth said in a voice in which there was the note of despair: "Well, I am going to chuck the whole thing," and he pulled a listless hand out of his pocket and let it deliver an impulsive gesture, as though he was casting something away from him.

"What do you mean by that?" said the busy man, and he looked up.

"Oh, I have worked for two years, living with tramps in the tenements on the East Side so that I could get to know those people as they are, and what is the use? In all that time I have received only $25 for my work. I can't starve even to carry on this work, and I'm going home to my brother in New Jersey and perhaps learn the boot and shoe trade."

"I am sorry," said the busy man, and then Crane wheeled about and walked away with the set of a man in whose blood there was not a particle of vitality which comes from good beef or mutton. He went out and strolled down Broadway, far more miserable than any of the sorry creatures whom he had been studying because he was conscious of his misery. He had failed in an ambition, whereas they had no ambition.

A friendly hand was laid upon his shoulder and he started as though it was the clutch of a policeman. Then he saw that there was greeting in the touch and the smile.

"Crane," said his friend, "what do you think? William D. Howells has read your book, and he says it's great."

"Eh?" said the youth, and it seemed to the friend as though a sort of blur came over his eyes.

"I say that Howells has read your book, and he compares you with Tolstoi, and he is going to say so in print." It came upon that half-starved youth with such sudden force that he received it like a blow. If he had been told that Howells had condemned the book he might have heaved a sigh. He seemed dazed. He looked around like a man who did not know where he was. He gulped something down his throat, grinned like a woman in hysterics and then went off to take up his vocation again.

The story must have impressed Howells only because of the brutal force of the blunt description which the author revealed. It is faithful; no newspaper man in New York, no one who is familiar with the life of the tenements, can deny the accuracy of the picture, but it is awful, just as life there is awful. And the wonder is that having gone so far in his realism Crane did not dare to go—as Tolstoi did and as Victor Hugo once did in his "Les Miserables"—clear over the line. Quite as realistic pictures, however, have been occasionally painted by some of the reporters for the newspapers, but they have done it without any sense of art or vocation, but simply as an incident in the reporting of some great tragedy or other important happening in those parts of the city.

Crane, however, had another triumph recently. There was a gathering at a resort of high culture at which were several authors who had promised to read from their unpublished manuscripts. Mrs. Burnett was one; Gilbert Parker was another, and perhaps there were six or seven more. One of those readers, turning from his own "uncut leaves," took up another manuscript. It contained several poems which were not poems by the laws of prosody, having no metrical arrangement, but being of exquisite rhythmic quality, something, perhaps, of the character and construction which distinguished the poems of Walt Whitman. The reading of these poems by Mr. John T. Barry created something of excitement and interest.

SHE SCANS THE SKY

Miss O'Halloran's Patient Work in the Realm of Astronomy.

On Terms of Familiarity with Sun Spots and a Free Explorer After Peculiar Variable Stars.

San Francisco Chronicle.

Sun spots and variable stars—these are queer specialties for a woman, but they are the most interesting things in the universe to a certain busy little astronomer who scans the heavens day and night through the unfavorable medium of the San Francisco atmosphere.

The solitary observer is Miss Rose O'Halloran, the only woman astronomer of any prominence on this coast, for Miss Dorothea Klumpke, though belonging to us in a way, is now, to all intents and purposes, a Parisienne. Miss O'Halloran is also the only woman member of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, having been nominated to the honor by Professor Holden. She wears her dignities so modestly that no one would guess that the quiet, simply-attired little woman was a star-gazer in the correct and practical sense and an original worker in astronomy of considerable repute.

Miss O'Halloran is a living example of the theory that natural predilection for a study is more often than not associated with special capacity for just that work. From her earliest childhood she was attracted toward astronomy, and it was the one study, she says, that was always a pleasure and never any task.

It was in Carrick-on-Suir, Tipperary, Ireland, that Miss O'Halloran was born. Her father was a property owner and wholesale merchant, and, as he was well off, his daughters were educated at a private school, as befitted the children of a country gentleman. After his death the family wealth rapidly melted away, and the carefully-raised daughters had to think about earning a living, as there was but one son in the family. Miss O'Halloran decided on America as her field, and when choosing a career naturally consulted her tastes. She had studied an elementary text-book on astronomy in her school days, and had used all the available books on the subject, making her first observations in the meantime through an opera glass. When she began her career as a teacher it was astronomy that she naturally chose as her specialty, though she taught some history. But, although it was necessary to teach for a living, Miss O'Halloran did not stop there. Her independent observations were kept up, though teaching all day and searching the heavens all night is rather hard work. The woman astronomer's chief difficulty in those days was not the necessity of teaching, nor the lack of bread and butter, but the lack of a fitting instrument for her work.

HER TELESCOPE.

One day Providence raised up for her a friend in the person of Prof. George Davidson, who became interested in Miss O'Halloran's struggles and applauded her pluck and energy. It was through the Davidsons that Miss O'Halloran was able to possess the desire of her life—a telescope. Mrs. Davidson assured the struggling young teacher that she would assume the debt if Miss O'Halloran was unable to pay for the instrument in time. Professor Davidson, who was on his way to Europe, selected the instrument, which is a four-and-one-eighth-inch Brashear refractor.

The telescope no longer shines as it did on the day when it was set up, not because it has not been carefully kept, but for the reason that it has seen much service, and as its owner never goes out without it the telescope has done some traveling. The struggle to pay for it is over now, but the privations and small sacrifices that went into it only endear it the more to its owner, who fondles it as other women do dogs or infants. The lens is the soul of the telescope, she says.

The room where Miss O'Halloran and the telescope do their work is an interesting place. It is an observatory and classroom combined, for the observer still finds it a necessity to teach, and says it is a pleasure to instruct others in the rudiments of her pet science. Around the edge of the room are benches and blackboards, with a number of astronomical instruments, such as are seen in high schools and several that are not seen there. Those latter are Miss O'Halloran's own inventions to explain away the difficulties that worry beginners in astronomy. In place of pictures the observatory is hung with maps and charts of the heavens. There are also photographs of the moon craters and of the most famous telescopes of the world.

It is among these surroundings that the solitary gazer studies and watches while the rest of the city sleeps or takes its pleasure. Just now she is looking for variable stars. This has been her nightly occupation for the last two years. On every clear night she scans the heavens in the region of the Scorpion. In 1892 she began her observation and is now examining these nebulous bodies for the third time. Each night she draws a map, on which the positions and magnitude of the stars are indicated. These maps are all carefully labeled, and the following year, on the same date, a comparative observation is made. At the end of 1894 Miss O'Halloran will have completed her third set of maps. From these she will determine what stars she has found to be variable in Scorpio. These original observations are full of interest. The face of the enthusiast lights up as she talks about her night watches. Sometimes she works from dark until midnight, and at other times she chooses the early morning hours from 3 o'clock on, when the atmosphere is likely to be clearest. In the daytime, when the teaching is over, the astronomer is again at her instrument looking at sun spots. She is too deeply interested in her work to remember that she is tired.

SUN SPOTS HER FAD.

She has made observations of the sun spots on every favorable day since Nov. 1, 1891. On Jan. 19, 1892, a rapidly developing group of spots near the sun's western limb was observed and sketched. The return of this group was looked for on the eastern limb on Feb. 3 and 4, and was first seen the afteronon of the 4th. This group was identified with the great February sun-spot group, so that Miss O'Halloran was one of its very earliest observers, and, possibly, the earliest, which goes to show that industry can accomplish a good deal even with nothing better than a four-inch telescope.

Added with her scientific zeal, Miss O'Halloran has the everlasting grace of contentment. When asked if she envied the astronomers in great observatories with the largest glasses in the world at their disposal, she said that, of course, it must be delightful to possess the latest and most expensive equipment. "And yet, you know," she added, "the thirty-six-inch glasses of the large new telescope magnify the atmosphere as much as the object, so the modern observer is looking at the distant planets through an atmospheric ocean." So there are compensations in the small telescope.

In April, 1888, Miss O'Halloran spent four days at the Lick Observatory, when astronomer Keeler was in charge, communing nightly with her intimates, the stars. She is thinking now of spending some months in the mountains back of San Diego, where, in the clearer atmosphere, she will set up her telescope. In spite of the fact that she has been a San Franciscan for the last twenty years, Miss O'Halloran confesses that the atmospheric conditions here are not favorable for her work. The air is smoky and often cloudy, and sometimes nights and days that are much needed are lost. Often at midnight Miss O'Halloran is obliged to stop work on account of fog, but she rises again at 3 a. m. to see if the sky be still obscured.

Miss O'Halloran's observatory is only an ordinary room, with two windows. One of these has a north and west view, and the other an eastern extension. She would like, of course, a revolving dome, but these things do not go with the ordinary dwelling. Outside the north window is a tiny porch, some six feet square. It is called a porch by courtesy, but it is really the roof of a kitchen some four feet below the window. From the sill to this roof is a ladder, securely fastened, and down these primitive stairs the small astronomer carries her glass on its tripod. How she accomplishes it alone no one knows, but she succeeds in setting it up on the porch by herself and takes observations in the cool night air. From the porch there is a clean sweep for the glass in three directions, and Miss O'Halloran thanks Providence for that porch.

HAS A CRITICAL PEN.

During these years of struggling and studying Miss O'Halloran has added to her income by writing astronomical articles. She has contributed to the Scientific American and to other magazines numerous papers on her specialty. On one occasion she reviewed a notable work on astronomy for a city paper, stating that it was good in some respects, but almost fifty years behind the times. As a result came a letter from Prof. Ormond Stone, of the University of Virginia, saying that the critic was the only one in the country which had pointed out the obvious defects of the book, and assuming that Professor Holden must have been the critic. When Professor Stone was told that Miss O'Halloran was the writer, the publishers of the book at once opened negotiations with her as to its revision. This she agreed to undertake, but on account of a disagreement as to compensation the negotiations fell through.

Next to being interested in astronomical observations Miss O'Halloran is engrossed in popularizing her science. She has many pupils, all girls, from several convents and private schools. To them she explains difficult points and seeks to make them care for astronomy as she cares for it. All the mathematics that Miss O'Halloran knows she taught herself, and her computations and calculations are singularly free from errors. Among her pupils are several enthusiasts, who are inspired by their teacher. One of these died some months ago and bequeathed to her teacher $1,000. This gift paid for the telescope and made Miss O'Halloran happier than anything else in the world could have done.

At present Miss O'Halloran is collecting material for a book. It will take years, she says, but some day all these maps and diagrams she is drawing will be collected and published and astronomers and possibly others will study them.

In appearance Miss O'Halloran is decidedly interesting. She is very small, this student of the stars. A well-shaped head is firmly poised on small shoulders and held up with that indescribable air that denotes character. Her eyes are gray, with circles about them that tell of watching at night and lines that speak of thought, but they are very pleasant, cheerful eyes for all that, and hard work has not dimmed their sparkle. Miss O'Halloran dresses with great simplicity, but there is something about her that at once makes even careless people feel that she is of no ordinary stamp. Her present status among the Pacific coast astronomers, or of the world for that matter, shows that a firm will with genius back of it will overcome all known obstacles, even when the owner of the will and the genius comes as a stranger to a strange land, without money, influence or friends.

AN OREGON CLOUD-BURST.

For that Section, a Mere Incident, Hardly Worth Mentioning.

Detroit Free Press.

"When you talk of rain," said Major Wharton, who built most of the snow sheds on the Union Pacific road, and who runs half a dozen sawmills on the Falls river in Oregon—"when you talk of rain in the East you simply never saw anything more than a sprinkle. I've been out all day in what you probably call a downpour, but if a drop or two hadn't hit my sore ear I shouldn't have known it was raining."

"What's your idea of a rainstorm, Major?" asked the interviewer as the two got seated after the usual preliminary.

"Why, water, of course!" he answered. "This drizzle can't be called real water, you know. It's just fog, and smoke, and evaporation from mud puddles which went up to come down again. Say, young man, you ought to have been out to mill No. 4 one night last August and witnessed what we call a genuine rainstorm. It wasn't the biggest and fattest I ever saw, but it would have given you a pretty fair idea of what we can do out there on short notice."

"Was it a cloudburst?"

"Some folks call 'em by that name, but it's defamation of character. A cloud-burst is simply an effort on the part of the weather to get about half a million barreis of rain water together in some particular locality and then knock in all the heads of the barrels at once. The object is to clear the drift-wood off the banks of the streams and discourage the umbrella trade. As a side issue a cloud-burst usually drowns about half a tribe of Indians and starts the tops of three or four mountains to sliding down hill to fill up some alley."

"About this particular rainstorm?" Major?"

"Oh, yes. Well, about 3 o'clock one afternoon the barrels began to gather over the Cascade range, to the west of us. They snuggled together between two peaks, and I judged there was water enough up there to wet down half the west. Falls river had just three feet of water in it that afternoon, and the ground for fifteen miles to the west was valley land on which a lot of cattle and horses were grazing. I had four buildings besides the saw mill, and in the river and around the mill were 5,000 sawlogs. When I saw that it was going to rain—that we were in for a genuine rainstorm—I called all hands and we made for a hill half a mile away."

"And the rain descended, did it?" queried the interviewer as the Major seemed to have stopped short.

"The rain, Oh, certainly. Yes, sir, the rain descended in due time. When everything was all ready the heads of the barrels were busted in and down poured the water. A flood seven feet deep and two miles long came swishing across the valley and poured into Falls river. In about three jerks of a deer's tail the mill, buildings and logs went on a voyage, and I haven't seen a splinter of 'em since. The flood brought along about one hundred head of horses and cattle, and the bones of some of them are in the tree tops around there today."

"And what did you do?"

"Began getting out timber for a new mill next morning, of course. We don't let a little cloudburst knock the sand out of us in Oregon, you know. Had a new mill humming away inside of thirty days. Don't write it up in a sensational way or our people will give me the laugh. It was simply one of our summer showers. A reporter from Portland happened to be down that way, and how much space do you suppose he gave it? Just five lines. A hundred thousand tons of mountain slid into the valley, a dozen people were drowned and everything on the river swept clear for a distance of thirty miles, but five lines covered it all. Sorry that I can't make a big thing for you, but see me again—see me next winter—and I'll tell you about some of our snow drifts which have been bored a distance of 420 feet without striking bottom."

RICHARD OF THE LION HEART.

His Intemperate Habits and the Surgeon's Blunder Caused His Death.

Spare Moments.

Richard Coeur de Lion, who had passed through so many extraordinary perils, met with his death-wound at an unsuspected moment, and from an obscure enemy. It was April 6, 1190. The Pope's legate had nearly accomplished a treaty of peace between the rival monarchs of France and England, and Richard was thinking of returning home, when he heard that one of his vassals, the Viscount of Limoges, had found a treasure on his estate. As superior lord he claimed the whole of it, but the finder was only willing to give him part. The King, therefore, besieged him in his castle of Chalos; and though the garrison offered to surrender, he said, as he had taken the trouble to begin, he would finish by force, and hang every one of them. The same day, as he was surveying the walls, one Bertrand de Gourdon, an expert archer, pierced him with an arrow in his shoulder.

The King's intemperate habits, and the unskillfulness of the surgeon, caused the wound to mortify, and he became sensible that his end approached. The castle was taken while he lay ill, and all the men hanged except Gourdon. Sending for him into his presence, the dying King demanded why he had sought his life. The archer replied: "You killed with your own hands my father and my two brothers, and you intended to have hanged me. You may take revenge by torturing me as you will. I shall die rejoicing that I have freed the world from such a nuisance."

Admiring, even in death, a boldness of spirit which so few possessed in the same degree as himself, Richard ordered that Gourdon should be dismissed with the gift of a hundred shillings, but he had no sooner expired than the man was flayed alive.

THE CASE IN A NUTSHELL.

How the Hawaiian Fiasco Looks to a South American Editor.

Buenos Ayres Herald.

President Cleveland has not made a very good figure in the Sandwich Islands affair. President Harrison sent a message to the Senate recommending annexation. Mr. Cleveland, as soon as he was in office, withdrew it and sent a commissioner there to study and report the case, after which he sent a minister to pull down the American flag, abandon the protectorate and reinstate the deposed Queen. He demanded of the latter an amnesty for the rebels. She three times declined. Her first demand was for their heads and fortunes; later she yielded to banishment, but held on to the fortunes. The United States demanded of the provisional government that it should hand over power to the Queen. That government said no, and politely told the United States to mind its own business. The President, not being able to use force without leave of Congress, had to stop in that undignified position; meantime Congress ordered an investigation and disapproved of what the President had done, so that he comes out of the affair with damaged prestige. These islands will undoubtedly be annexed to the United States at some time or other, but probably not while Mr. Cleveland is President, as it would be difficult to get a two-thirds vote in both houses of Congress to override his veto.

A Crying Need.

Kansas City Journal.

Three Oklahoma editors have been sentenced to prison for contempt of court and editor Rosewater, of the Omaha Bee, is in trouble on the same account. Can't something be done to elevate our courts?